

LABOR DAY TRIP - SEPTEMBER 5, 6 & 7, 1925.

Not having hiked with the Club since the trip to Saddle Mt. last June, it was with keen pleasure that I prepared for the probable joint trip with the Mazamas at Manzanita Beach during the Labor Day holidays. So, at six o'clock, Saturday evening, September 5, you could have found me eagerly awaiting the truck at Granlund's store in company with Helen Pietarila and Arthur Rinell. Usually, there is something which one forgets to take along. This time Arthur noticed that we had forgotten our pins. We wondered if we had time to go home again-- decided we had--about which we were not mistaken, as the truck did not arrive until about six-thirty. We would have had time to make several hurried trips home.

There were already ten Angoras and four Smiths in the truck, who had gotten on downtown, and we happily greeted them. A little time was spent in trying to find room for our dunnage in the already well-loaded truck. Again it seemed as though our legs were extra baggage, but we soon got settled in various comfortable and uncomfortable positions, and proceeded on our journey. Willie Wies was picked up at Hobson's store and Ami Lagus at her home on the highway. It was suggested that we all try to snatch a little sleep while we were still traveling on smooth roads, so all was quiet for awhile. But not for long. As our musician was along, we were soon singing-- in "harmonious discord"-- as Charlie Johnson says.

The first delay occurred when we had just entered the City of Seaside. A spark plug blew out. This was soon fixed, and we drove on. A stop at the post office-- just long enough to let Mr. Leighton board the truck--was made. The usual stop for hot dogs was not made this time.

Driving on the road beyond Seaside is as rough as ever, but we kept our spirits up by singing silly songs. At least Willie thought they were silly. To quiet him we switched off to more tender melodies. We had traveled about five miles from Seaside when we reached the same spot where our truck had stuck when we made our last trip to Onion Peak. The driver got out to investigate the condition of the road further on, and came back with the report that he thought it would be impracticable for us to try to go through to Manzanita Beach, as, should it rain in the meantime, we would have a very difficult time returning. We were disappointed that we could not join the Mazamas, but decided that the wisest thing to do in this case would be to go to Cannon Beach instead.

We arrived at Cannon Beach about nine-thirty. Here we stopped for awhile, and Mr. Barth treated us to ice cream cones and drinks, which were appreciated. Our final stop was made near the Warren Hotel, where we all got out and looked for camping spots. As it was now raining, shelter was the main thing considered by all in selecting camp sites. We, the lady members of the party, chose a spot under a few trees near the hotel, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in our sleeping bags. Frances especially seemed to have difficulty in getting into hers, and became so warm during the process that she said that if she got cold during the night she would get up and then get in again-- to warm up. I felt quite thrilled to sleep outside and to hear the rain pattering on my sleeping bag. We were all warm--a little too warm--and dry, except Frances and Vivian, who after a couple of hours declared they were getting wet regardless of the fact that they had sleeping bags. They repaired to the hotel, and were given permission to sleep on the porch. In the morning, we learned that there had been others-- including our President and other prominent male members of the Club--who had slept under roofs instead of the wet skies.

Plans had been made to camp at Arch Cape. Not bothering to prepare breakfast, all piled into the truck again, and the ride down the beach, past the huge rocks, to Arch Cape was enjoyed. Although it had rained during the night, there was every indication that the atmosphere would clear and the sun would be shining before the day was over. Eight o'clock found us preparing breakfast at Arch Cape, and an hour later we were wending our way over the Neahkanie trail to Short Sand Beach, where we hoped to visit with the Mazamas for a short time.

The Neahkanie trail is a typical woodland trail, lined with graceful ferns, leading through virgin timberland, the charms of which have not yet been--and which we hope never will be--marred by fire or by logging operations. The trees are the spruce, hemlock, fir and occasional cedar, which are found in this part of the country. Occasionally a tree larger than the others would draw our attention and admiration. Huckleberries were especially abundant here. Needless to say, we did not pass them by without partaking of them.

The Chief Guide was kept busy cutting brush, and Mr. Barth with his pipe kept the Chief Guide company. There was some discussion as to who should hike behind Mr. Barth on account of his pipe. But finally the girls all managed to drop behind and let the men take the lead. (I am sure Mr. Barth could be found in any neck of the woods if he only had matches enough to keep his pipe going.) After a pleasant three-hour hike we reached Short Sand Beach, and here we were greeted by the Mazamas, thirty-nine strong, and Charlie Erickson, who had gone to Nehalem City a few days before, with the intention of letting us know whether or not it would be possible for us to get through with the truck.

The name--Short Sand--is descriptive of the beach itself. It is a short sandy beach in a cove formed by Cape Falcon on one side and another promontory, the name of which I do not know, on the other side. This was an ideal place to go bathing. Some of the Mazamas were already in the surf, and some of our party prepared to join them, while others rested and chatted on the shore. The bathing girls were popular subjects for snapshots. I observed John Berry wade waist-high into the surf to get photographs, and he had his hiking clothes on too.

In the meantime, the Angora coffee pot had been put on the fire and soon we were all enjoying "coffee an'". Did you know that the flavor of Angora coffee could be improved? Well--the cooks on this trip thought a couple of baby crawfish would improve it greatly. It may have--I drank two cupfuls.

After all had partaken of lunch, everyone joined hands and a large circle was formed. Under Mr. Dowling's supervision, each one introduced himself by giving his name and the name of his club, and a pleasant time was had in getting acquainted. But the time for departure was nearing, and at three o'clock orders were given for the Angoras to get in line. Regretfully we prepared to leave. Harold and Willie seemed especially reluctant to leave, and it was some time before we could get them in line. They came back to earth, however, after they were reminded of the fact that they were Angoras.

Following a song and three cheers from the Mazamas and three cheers from us, we directed our steps up the trail and back to camp. For a short time, we could hear the merry voices of our friends on the beach as they frolicked there. The woods in the late afternoon, with the sun streaming down through the trees, are very beautiful, and it is indeed delightful to hike in the woods then. The return hike was made without any mishap, and camp was reached at six o'clock.

Before cooking supper, we found our boudoir for the night. Relying on Ami's good judgement, we chose a spot under the trees on the hillside. Then we were all busy for awhile cooking and eating. After supper, a camp fire session was held. There was a speech from the President in regard to the season of hiking just before us, jokes and stories from others, and a more lengthy speech on hiking in general from the Chief Guide. Also, flashlight pictures of the group were taken. There was music, also.

About nine o'clock someone conceived the idea that a hike along the beach would be pleasant, but a couple of drops of rain and a couple of flashes of lightning changed these plans. Instead, everyone hied himself off to bed and shelter. By the time we girls reached our boudoir, it was raining in real earnest and an electrical storm was in progress. This was surely to be a novel night for us! Frances was excited and happy because she had found a lightning bug on the beach. We were all interested in it.

Shielded from the storm by the small trees and our bags, we could see the sky and ocean lighted up by the flashes of lightning, and we wondered how our Mazama friends were faring. We tried to sleep, but this was a night when too much warmth kept us awake, and no amount of shedding of clothes seemed to cool us off. Frances seemed to sleep soundly, as she did not say a "Booh" the whole night long.

The men tried to get us up early in the morning, but we preferred to keep dry in our sleeping bags for awhile, and slept on. Finally we arose too, and moved our property down to camp. Here we heard about the experiences of the menfolks during the night. Some had moved from spot to spot, always thinking perhaps they could find a drier place; some had slept under logs; while Mr. Stokes and Teddy had both slept in the same sleeping bag; and the three "Sweet Williams" had found an old hut in the woods where they had tried to sleep with the woodrats. Mr. Leighton says pages could be written on what Willie Wies told the woodrats.

Myrtle and I wondered what we would have for breakfast. Omelette was our choice. Now, I must confess that after Vivian had gotten up and cooked breakfast for John, he left her and came over to cook our breakfast. What did this mean? But, as he afterwards said, it was for the benefit of Myrtle--she is to leave us soon--and he wanted her thoughts of him to be kind ones. Perhaps Vivian will forgive him. Anyway, we enjoyed our breakfast.

Dishes having been washed and our camping spot having been cleaned up, we went for a short walk along the beach to investigate the arches, etc. Then we boarded the truck again and drove back along the beach driveway to Chapman's Point to spend the rest of the day, this being Monday and Labor Day. A spot on the beach just below the Point was selected, and preparations for the making of clam chowder were begun. The Chief Guide was to cook it, and the others were given permission to go where they wanted to and to do as they wanted.

Ami, Myrtle, Vivian, Helen and I formed a little party of our own. (Frances went in surf bathing). As it was low tide, we climbed from the rocks at the base of Chapman's Point to the top. From this spot, we viewed the ocean, the Bird rocks, and the many other beautiful and rugged rocks on this part of the beach. There were many others here besides us. Some were fishing off the rocks below, and others were just enjoying the scenery as we were. We espied Harold and Willie clear down below and a call from us brought Willie up the cliff in true Alpine fashion.

With the addition of Willie's company, we then hiked down to the little beach just north of Chapman's point. After hiking over the beach, we climbed up again to the top of the next point, with the exception of Willie, who deserted us to join Charlie Johnson, Albert Remmen and Mr. Leighton in exploring the rocks and drags farther down the beach. From above, we watched the progress of the men down below. After a time, the men joined us on the point. Willie again almost got into trouble in all his zeal for exploring new spots. He thought he had discovered a restaurant, and in his excitement called to us, when the owner or caretaker heard him instead, and informed him he was on private property and to beat it as quickly as possible. Poor Willie! Lost the drink he is always longing for. Myrtle and Ami also had decided to climb a tree. Myrtle got up all right, but she didn't know how to get down. Her feet seem to be her biggest handicap. But under our directions, she finally descended.

Willie again succumbed to the wiles of the ladies, and while the other three men went back along the beach, we traveled back along the road. Reaching the camp at Chapman's Point, we found that the clam chowder had been cooked. It was delicious! And we were all busy for a while.

Why is it that immediately after eating Angoras feel most peppy, or at least are inclined to be strenuous then? Whatever the reason, shortly after lunch, games and races were enjoyed by all. Not all for there were some who preferred to sit and dream and plan. Charlie Johnson could not resist our playful mood. He finally did join us in our games, especially in playing snap-the-switch. There were several harmless tumbles and slight mishaps, but we did not stop until about three o'clock, when it began to rain again. This was taken as a sigh for the homeward trip.

Although the road was slippery, there were no accidents, and we left Mr. Leighton safely at Seaside, and Ami at her home. A departure from the usual custom was taken when we went home over the Seventh Street hill instead of by way of Uniontown. However, all arrived safely home after a most enjoyable and pleasant trip.

Respectfully submitted,

Esther E. Juntti.

Personnel of trip:

Myrtle Trogan,
Vivian Jackson,
Frances Wedekind,
Helen Peitarila,
Ami Lagus,
Esther Juntti,
Charles Johnson,
Harold Johnson,
Arthur Rinell,
Albert Remmen,
Willie Wies,
Wm. Barth,
Bill Leighton,
Walter Stokes,
Teddy Stokes,
John Berry.